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Title: Azalin, the Lich Lord

Author:  
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Azalin  
the  
Lich Lord

and  
the Beginnings of  
the Ebon Skull

\*a ripped page from the  
tome: The Birth of an  
Old Evil\*

As it is written in  
the diary of Nahman  
the Mad, a scholar  
long dead, this is the  
day a dreaded evil  
came to our land. In  
the guise of a little  
child, this one grew...  
and as time ravaged  
the weak fleshlings,  
he grew in power. He  
is called by many  
names, whispered  
about in bedtime  
stories but he is all too  
real. Only a few  
outside of his Order  
have looked upon his  
face and survived  
unscathed. I have been  
to the monster's inner  
sanctum and the  
darkness I found  
there still lingers in  
my soul... Fear him,  
for his power is  
unbound and his bony  
hands reap more and  
more souls. He is  
the horror among  
horrors... nameless to  
many, but you call  
him... Azalin, the  
Lich Lord.

\*the page ends here\*

...ooOoOoo...

The history of Azalin before he came to Sosaria is lost deep in the Mists of Antiquity. All that is known concerning his ancient past is that he came from a realm of utter evil from which he ruled with several other Dark Lords. Some speculate that this was a tainted shard that was lost to the Guardian, while others whisper that it was another place altogether, a separate plane of existence. Regardless, centuries ago, walking out from the Mists; Azalin found himself in Britannia. A place of light and beauty, a place ripe for the taking. He had seen such places before and knew that there were always seeds of darkness waiting to be harvested. And this place had been sown with many such seeds... Upon arriving this plane, the Lichlord found himself extremely weakened. There was still incredible power within his ancient bones but it paled in comparison to his former might. The ability to walk among mortals was still within his means and this he did. Azalin found himself in Moonglow, the City of Mages. By joining this magical community, Azalin was able to learn about the realm of Britannia and its inhabitants.

Within the echoing  
halls of the Lycaeum,  
the Lichlord found  
evidence that proved  
the existence of  
Necromancy. From  
where he had come  
from, Necromancy  
was rife throughout  
the land. Here it had a  
very secretive  
following. He read the  
tale of the incestuous  
siblings, Lathiari and  
Kyrnia who had been  
the first to discover  
the Dark Art. Being  
banished for their  
sins, the two  
necromancers fled  
humanity and  
experimented in  
earnest. At one point  
they had achieved the  
exalted state of  
Lichdom, just as  
Azalin had. these two  
had also spoke of  
powerful artifacts  
known as Shrine  
Stones. According the  
undead pair, one of  
these stones existed  
on an island of ice.  
Azalin had read about  
such a place in his  
studies, a place not far  
at all from Moonglow.  
Visiting the local  
graveyard, the  
Lichlord found  
several of the lesser  
undead wandering  
aimlessly. Forcing a  
sense of direction in  
their unlives, Azalin  
led them to the coast.  
There they found a  
lone boat with a few  
drunken, singing men.  
There were some who  
were not even aware  
that they had died  
until they felt their  
corpse move against  
their own violation. As  
Azalin's entourage  
grew he made way to

Ice Island. Once setting foot on the wretched landscape, Azalin knew that he had found his new home. There wasn't a sign of greenery anywhere on the island. Wolves howled in the distance and the numbing cold almost matched the void that was his heart. For many a day and night the Lichlord and his minions scourged the land, searching for the Shrine Stone mentioned in the journals of Kyrnia and Lathiari. In a local dungeon known as Deceit, powerful undead roamed. There Azalin made a few allies but they did not reveal the location of the stone, and so he searched anew. Finally, after some time on the northern tip of the island, the small undead army found an ankh. The ankh continually bled a crimson stream that formed into a bloody pool set in the middle of a mound of bones. Extremely charmed by the local, Azalin searched the area for the stone and found a marble pedestal surrounded by hanging skeletons. Upon the pedestal rested a skull, black as pitch, darker than midnight this grinning artifact greedily asorbed the very light that fell upon it. Approaching the ebon skull, Azalin felt an incredible aura of power emanating from it and actually

felt humbled a bit by its raw strength. The skull spoke to Azalin, telling him many a dark thing. This Ebon Skull was a focal point of the powers of Entropy in the realm of Britannia. Its purpose was to oppose both Order and Chaos, its purpose was to devour their champions and send them screaming into the maw of Oblivion. The Skull told him of others who followed it and served the cause of Entropy. Lathiari, Kyrnia, Zog and the Black Lich were but a few who had answered its call. The Artifact requested a service from Azalin, in return for the restoration of his former power. The Lichlord, forever seeking more power, agreed to this service. He was to gather more of his kind under him, to serve the powers of Oblivion, to unleash the power of Necromancy upon the innocents and to slay the very land itself. Using his restored power, Azalin called forth the earth itself and the bones of the unliving to form into a spiraling tower. This he dubbed Golgotha, the Tower of Skulls. Here would reside the new found Order of the Ebon Skull. An order of Necromancers and Undead alike who heard the calling of decay, who longed for the world to be a

darker place.

Moments later the  
very first to answer  
his call came  
shuffling from the  
dungeon Deceit.

Skeletal knights,  
zombies, ghouls and  
ghosts made way to  
the beacon of  
darkness that was  
Golgotha. the Order of  
the Ebon Skull had  
been born and the  
world quaked and  
knew real terror.